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15

DOLLY.

MY dolly was young and fair,
With beautiful flaxen hair,
And all her things could take off and on,
And she had real shoes to wear.

She was made by the toy-
shop man,
Her body was stuffed with
bran,
And she could open and
shut her eyes;
And none of Jane's dollies
can.



And I lent her to Jane one day,
While I went in the garden to play;
And when Jane wasn't looking, the cat and dog
Both happened to pass that way.



The story's too sad to
tell
In the kind of words I
can spell;
But the picture will tell
you better than I;
Or, at any rate, just as
well.



ONLY A BABY.

ONLY a baby? So I may be;
But there's something quite as true:
Great folks, tall folks, short folks, all folks,
Once on a time were babies too.

PLAYING NURSE.

M AUD, Bessie, and Marjorie, playing at nurse,
Said they never, oh, never, did see
Such beautiful babies as their little babies,
Such wonderful babies three.

And they carried them upstairs, and car-
ried them down,
And shouted and laughed
in glee;

Such queer
little women as these little women,
Such good little nurses three.

Papa as he rides past the window
looks in,
And "Bless their sweet
faces!" says he,
He thinks they're the
best little bairns in
the world,
Because he's their
father, you see.



MY DOLLY.

I HAVE a little Dolly,
Who can neither
read nor talk,
And so I try to teach her
The proper way to
walk.
So every day I take her
A little tiny way;
I think if I am patient
She'll walk quite well
some day.
Indeed, she will be clever,
But then you know the rhyme —
All clever things are done, dears,
A little at a time!



SNAPPY.

WHEN I to seven years old had grown,
My dear devoted Pappy
Gave me a dog to call my own,
At least I called him "Snappy."

Each day, when lessons all are done,
I hear his rappy, rappy,
As though he'd say, "Now come and play,
And don't forget your Snappy."

Then off we go among the
flowers,
And spring-trees fresh and
sappy,
And play at hide-and-seek for
hours,
He is *so* sharp, my Snappy.

And when I've had enough of
play,
And feel I'm growing nappy,
"You go to sleep," he seems to
say,
"And I will watch," says
Snappy.

He nestles down, his tail all
curled,
His faithful heart quite happy,
He is the dearest in the world,
My little darling Snappy.



THE DOLLS' PARTY.

THE company came
at three o'clock,
With many a ring,
and a rat-a-tat-tat
knock!

They came in ones, and
they came in pairs;
Some sat on the floor,
and some on chairs,
The day they gave the Concert!

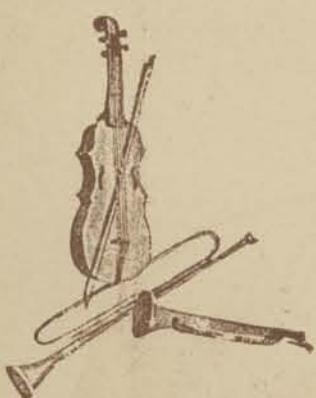
The dollies all came, so I've
understood,—
Lady Belle, who's wax, and
Sarah, who's wood;
Their behavior was most re-
markably good;
They would have applauded,
if they could,
The day they gave the
Concert!

Somebody sang, and then
somebody played;
And Fido quite a sensation
made;



He barked and got so very excited,
That Lady Belle was "dreadful frightened,"
The day they gave the Concert!

At last "that's all of it!" some one said;
And then the dollies went home to bed.
And two little girls were tired-out quite,
Long before bedtime came, on the night
Of the day they gave the Concert!



ROCK-A-BY.

ROCK-A-BY, rock-a-by,
Dolly's afloat
Out on the sea in a big
wicker boat;
When the boat creaks I'm
afraid we may be
Thrown to the bottom of nur-
sery sea.

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, dear
little Sis,
I'm glad you can rock us as
nicely as this.
Tip the big boatie from side
unto side—
Dolly's enjoying her wonderful
ride.



DOLLIES'
DRIVE.

LAST Saturday morning I took out my dollies,
They hadn't been well and they wanted fresh air;
They were Dorothy Jane,
and Rose Anna Amelia,
And Lanty and Shady,
an odd little pair.

Now Lanty and Shady my uncle Dick gave me;
They are cut out of wood, and have only one arm;
But Dorothy Jane and Rose Anna Amelia
Are beautiful ladies, with manners that charm.



So down the long alley we quietly trotted,
I pushing the barrow, they smiling and gay,
When "Bow-wow!" said Towzer, and burst from the bushes—
Rose Anna Amelia fainted away,

And Dorothy Jane she went into hysterics;
But never a bit did those other two care.
They're poor penny dollies with no proper feelings;
They shall walk by themselves when they next take the air.





LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

O H Wooden-Chair Couch is a capital carriage
For Letty and Hetty and me.
We drove all the way from East India to Boston,
And never got wet in the sea.

For I was the driver, and drove our old Neddy,
Who galloped and galloped so fast,
I had to cry "Gently," and "Whoa, boy!" and "Steady,"
To make him go slower at last.

"Twas Letty sat up on the cushion beside me,
And Hetty lay still on her knee
In her best satin gown, with her hair combed out tidy,
As happy as happy could be.

We travelled past Greenland and Marigold Mountain,
Through Rose-shire and Butterfly-vale,
And stopped for a drink at the Willow-tree Fountain,
When Neddy looked weary and pale.

Then Letty got drowsy
and tired of travel,
We'd been such a long while
away;
So I turned around by the Gulf
of Green Gravel,
And drove us right home
in a day.

So down in Veranda Land
soon we alighted,
Quite pleased to be
back, I must own;
And mother, to see
us was, oh,
so delighted!
And told us
how much
we had
grown.



*THE
NAUGHTY
DOLLY.*

NOW, Dolly, sit still,
if you please,
You've done enough
harm for to-day;
And it's no use your pout-
ing, my dear,
And saying it all was
in play.

You upset the ink — yes — you did;
You tore your new frock, and you said,
"Don't care," — when I said I'd a mind
To whip you and put you to bed.

You wore your best shoes in the mud,
And stole the jam tarts, I suppose;
That, that's why your hand has come off,
And why you will turn in your toes.

Your hair is as rough as can be,
Your pinafore's fastened with twine;
I'm sure there was never before
So naughty a dolly as mine.



If you really *won't* do as
I wish,
I fear—yes—I very
much fear
I must get a new doll
from the shop,
And let *The Boys* have
you, my dear.



No, no—I don't mean it—don't scream!
The *Boys* shall not have you, my pet;
Don't cry any more, there's a dear!
I'll try to forgive and forget.

I'll wash you, and then you shall wear
A gown that will cover your feet;
Let your hands hang behind you, and then
You will look quite genteel and complete.

And I'll make you a
beautiful swing,
With the help of the
back of a chair;
And I'll never let any one
know
How exceedingly
naughty you were.





A STITCH IN TIME.

I'M a busy little girl, you see,
As busy as a bee can be,
For there's a little hymn
That says, "A stitch in time
Saves nine in the end," you see.

Dolly's got a wound, — alas!
I don't know how it came to pass,
And the sawdust ebbs away;
It's been doing so all day,
For I found it on the garden
grass.



And she's hanging down her little head
Just exactly as if she were dead;
Oh! whatever shall I do
If I cannot bring her to?
I shall never have another doll
instead.





SENSIBLE PEOPLE.

K ITTY has a little doll
Which has not learnt to chatter,
But as she cannot talk herself,
It does not make much matter.

And Tommy is quite
content,
Because he has no
horse, dears,
To ride upon his un-
cle's dog,
And like it too, of
course, dears.



So Tommy with his uncle's dog,
And Kitty with her dolly,
Through their little life will jog,
And find it very jolly.

They do not want the sun at night,
Or try to climb a steeple;
And that is why they are so bright,
And not like other people!

UP TO THE ROSES.

U P to the roses,
Their sweetness
to smell,
Our Polly is lifting
Her doll Nanciebelle.

Now this is the ques-
tion
That puzzles our
Polly:
Which has the reddest
cheeks,
Roses or Dolly?

Which is the rosiest?
I cannot tell—
Roses or Polly,
Or Doll Nanciebelle?





DOLLIES' PLEASURE BOAT.

THIS is our Dollies' pleasure boat,
It has a paper sail,
And it will beautifully float
When Bobby blows a gale.
The Dollies do not fear the storm,
Salt water does not harm;
They both are happy now, and gay,
A-sailing on this pleasant day,
Though he has wholly lost his legs,
And she has but one arm.



You cannot see *she's* not complete
Under her pretty gown,
And *he* can do without his feet
When he is sitting down.
It's true the boat is very small,
And likely to capsize.
You can't have everything, and so
We make the best of things, you know,
And we *pretend* the dolls are whole,
And the boat the proper size.

THE OMNIBUS.

WHO wants to go to London town?
The fare is an orange or half-a-crown.
It's time we were starting; we're full
inside,
But up on the top the dollies
can ride,
Can ride to London
town.



DOLLY'S CAPE.

THIS is Dolly's cape,
dear,
All tied with silken
tape, dear,
It's lined with fur,
And just suits her,
The very latest shape,
dear.



A MORNING RIDE.

THIS is the way we ride to town,
In a blue silk bonnet and white silk gown,
And a brand new carriage that's painted brown,
On a fine summer's morning !

Now, first we'll call on Miss Lucy Grey,
At Doll's House Villa over the way,
And ask if they're all quite well to-day,—
This bright and sunny morning !

Then spend an hour at the candy shops,
And fill our pockets with lollipops,
Sweet barley sugar, and chocolate drops,
This bright and sunny morning !



Then home we'll
go, at a rattling
pace,
Round Sideboard
Corner and
Hearth rug
Place,
With laughing
eyes and a rosy
face,
This bright and
sunny morning!



GOOD AND
NAUGHTY.

MY name is Lilian, and I am six years old. I have quite made up my mind — quite — that it is stupid for little boys and girls to be naughty, because when the punishment comes it's just horrid. I have been naughty once or twice in my life; once, very naughty indeed. I ate a whole pot of strawberry jam one afternoon, that Mother had left on the table. I thought I would have only one little taste, and that was so nice, I thought I would have another little taste. And when I had eaten it all I was sorry, for Mother would be coming back soon. I thought Mother might be cross, and she was cross. She sent me to bed, and I had bread and water for tea.



It's delightful to be good, I think. I was good for three long weeks before my last birthday came. And then so many nice things happened. First of all, Mamma gave me a lovely doll for a present, and Papa gave me a perambulator for her, and Grandmamma gave me a doll's tea-set and a cradle. And I took the doll to see my friends, Esther and Mary, and they came back to tea with me, and brought their dolls, and we spent a very happy birthday, and at night I put Dolly to sleep in the cradle, and she didn't wake up all night.





GOOD-NIGHT, DOLLY.

COME, good-night, my Dolly, dear!
It is bedtime, — do you hear?
"Little girl must go to bed!"
That is what my mamma said;

But I guess, I really do,
Dolly, dear, mamma meant you:
I'm not sleepy, so you see
Mamma couldn't have meant me.

Now the little nightie. O
Dolly, sweet, I love you so!
Now, good-night! Oh, dear! oh,
dear!
I see nursie coming here;
I'm afraid, to tell you true,
Mamma did mean me — not you.



DOLLY'S TEA.

MY Dolly's getting quite
grown up:
She drinks tea every day
Out of a wee blue china cup,
In quite a lovely way.



And Kitty comes and has
her tea —
We call it that, you
know:
It's really milk, because,
you see,
She likes it better so.

When Kitty's done, she
always sits
And washes all her fur;
I don't think many little
kits
Are good and clean, like
her.

